





Mary Ann Shoemaker
CHILDE HAROLD'S

~~1820~~
PILGRIMAGE

Mary Ann Shoemaker
TO THE

1820

DEAD SEA:

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

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NEW-YORK:

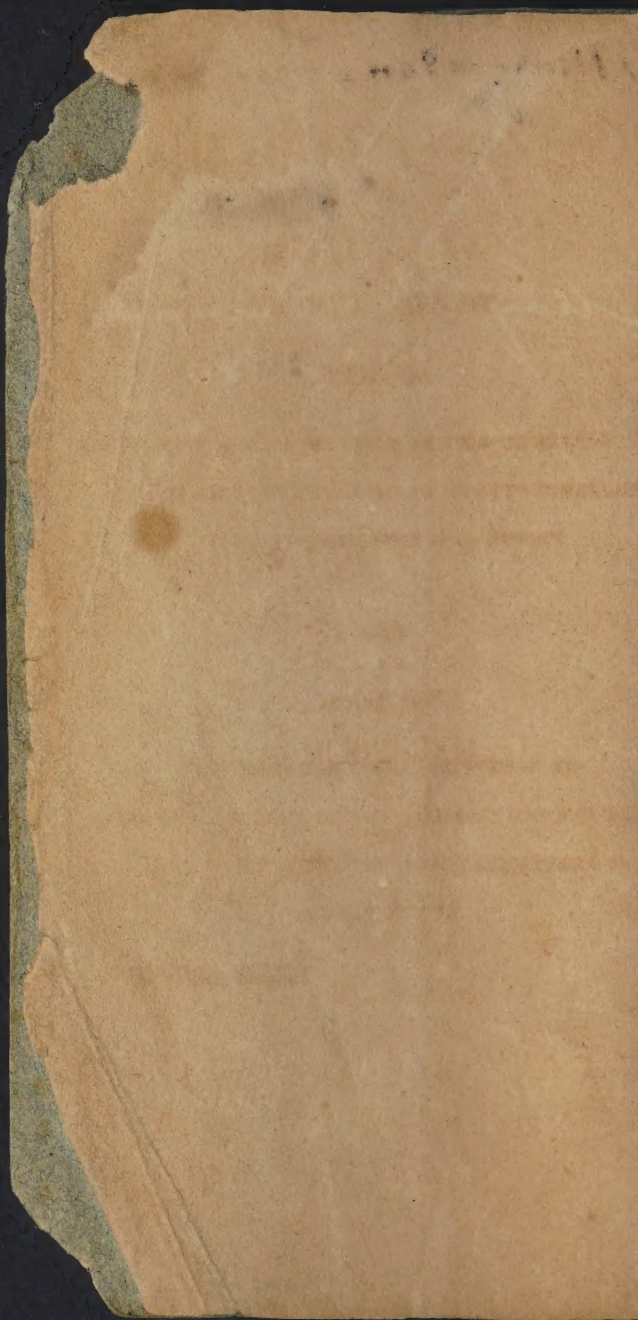
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Clayton



Mary Ann Spoonaker
1820

TO THE MEMORY

OF HER

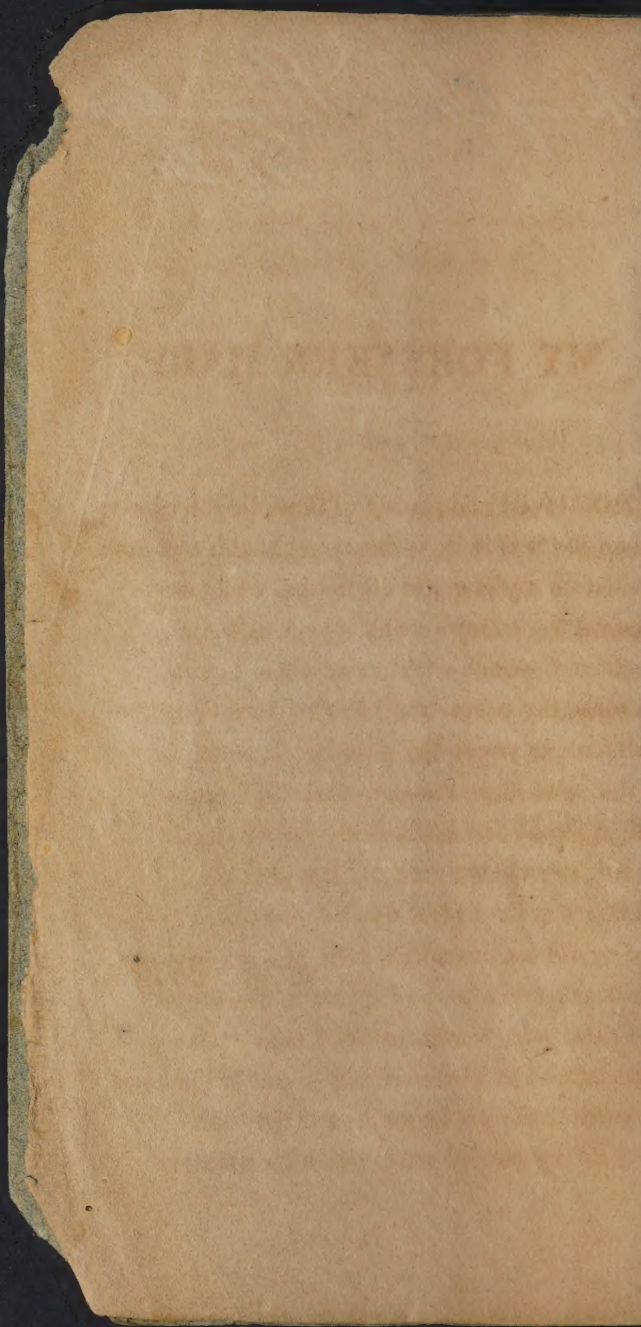
WHO FOSTERED MY HELPLESS INFANCY, AND WHO, BY
HER PRECEPTS AND EXAMPLE, TAUGHT ME TO LOVE
VIRTUE AND VENERATE RELIGION.

Also,

TO HIM,

MY SURVIVING PARENT, WHOSE LIFE
IS AN HONOUR TO THE NAME OF SOLDIER AND MAN,
I GRATEFULLY DEDICATE THE FOLLOWING
LITTLE POEMS.

THE AUTHOR.



TO
MY FORSAKEN HARP.

—o—

THOU loved companion of those brighter hours
When life was in its spring—and health and hope
Smiled on my cheerful brow—beloved harp!
That on the willows many a year hath hung
Neglected,—once—Oh! once again I come
To rouse thy wires, and yet—my trembling hand
Half fears to sweep thy chords, lest some sad note
Of that wild dirge remain—that dirge of wo
Which frenzy left unfinished, when I sought
To sing her virtues, and my loss proclaim.
—Long o'er the bed of death I speechless hung,
And would not deem that cold, dim, sunken eye
For ever quench'd—and strove to disbelieve
The pale, pale, beauteous lips I madly press'd
Were turned to worthless clay—that in the heart
No pulse of life yet linger'd—but the truth
Burst on my palsied soul; and with a shriek,

A loud and lengthen'd shriek, I fell to earth:
 —All that came after was a blank to *me*.

Full many a summer's sun hath risen and set
 Since that dark hour, and many a winter's snow
 Hath drifted on her lone and humble grave;
 Yet still remember'd—still belov'd—deplor'd
 Through every change, this widow'd heart hath bled
 Yet bleeds, with rankling wounds that will not heal
 But fain would I arouse my feeble mind
 From this dull night of sadness; fain would burst
 This lethargy of soul; for now my bark,
 Which long hath toss'd on life's tumultuous wave,
 Hath reach'd a quiet haven, and the arms
 Of love and peace have ta'en a wand'rer in.
 —Wake then my silent Harp—awake—awake,
 And bear my spirit to the fairy bowers
 Of Song.

Mary Ann Shoemaker

CHILDE HAROLD'S

PILGRIMAGE

TO

THE DEAD SEA.

—O—

“WHO wanders on that shore, where not a tree
Waves its green arms beneath the vault of heaven—
That silent shore whose waters, deep and dark,
Ne’er ripple with a tide, nor e’er reflect
The shadow of a passing bird?—No bark
Spreads there its sail to catch the freshening breeze,
For never breeze upon those waters dank,
Lifts its reviving wing—and nought of life,
But thou, doth sojourn there : speed thee, oh Pilgrim!
Far from the guilty scene ; th’ Eternal Curse
Is on its barren sands ; the Red Right Arm
Hath rent its mountains to their base, and hurl’d
Its gorgeous Cities in the dread abyss.
—Speed thee—Oh ! speed thee—Death alone dwells
there!”—

I.

What voice is that which o'er the deep
 Tells me to hasten far away?
 I reckon not—*here* all feelings sleep
 Save one,—lo! I am Misery's prey—
 I am a man on whom the blast
 Hath all its direst vengeance hurl'd—
 I am a man to whom the past
 Shows like the relics of a ruin'd world.
 I sought this land where the guilty died
 In the fulness of crime and pride;
 I sought this land whose barren womb
 Seems of all things the sullen tomb,
 This land where the summer ray,
 Only looks on blight and decay;
 This land, in whose howling waste, (1)
 All fruits are bitter to the taste:
 I sought this land with purpose strong,
 Scath'd by wo, and nerved by wrong;
 For I wish'd to prove if that tale were true
 Whose terrors the Prophet so darkly drew:
 I sped to its shores, too, in hope to find
 Some likeness of a blasted mind.

(1) See Notes at end.

I had look'd on the fair and good
 In a wild and despairing mood,
 Till the bird seem'd to mock as it sung,
 And the flower on the stalk where it hung,
 Seem'd to blossom in gay disdain
 Of the wretch who liv'd but to pain.

II.

I like the dreary and the dead,
 They are paradise to the eye
 Of him whose writhing heart hath bled
 Beneath the scourge of misery :
 Of him to whom the feast of life,
 The plenteous feast, is wormwood all .
 Its proudest honours—toil and strife,
 Its boasted pleasures—things which pall.
 Scarce thirty summers have o'er me roll'd.
 Yet my bloom is gone—my heart is old :
 Its warmer tide has ceased to flow,
 Its once high pulse beats cold and slow :
 I have tasted all that man calls bliss,
 When bartering gold for the wanton's kiss,
 He clasps to his heart a base alloy,
 And calls it the sterling ore of joy

And more—yet more I have tasted too—
 There *was* a time when pure and true
 I loved—as with an angel's fire,
 Scorning each low and base desire :
 But Oh ! it was deem'd a boyish flame,
 For she I loved was a haughty dame :
 —Enough—enough—health, reason fled,
 When she was with my rival wed.

III.

What follow'd ?—many a day of sin,
 And night of blasphemy and din :
 For I well knew the riot train
 Whom virtue looks on with disdain ;
 They—whom the heart which never bled
 Calls reprobate—accurs'd—and dead :
 But purer moments came—my brain
 The Muses woo'd—nor woo'd in vain ;
 And I was envied, gazed at—they,
 To whom the Poet and his lay
 Are signal-lights to charm and save,
 Said that my fame would live beyond the grave—
 That I was Nature's favourite ;
 That on my proud and chosen brow

She deign'd in fairest lines to write,
 —All which is contradicted now.

IV.

The flowers of my fancy remain'd
 As bright—yea, brighter than ever;
 But sin had my bosom stain'd,
 And tainted its blossoms for ever.
 Oh ! did the world but rightly know
 The deep, the solitary wo
 Of that lost mind which virtue prizes;
 And yet itself each hour despises :
 Did they behold the vulture train
 Which preys upon the heart and brain.
 Of him whose boasted talents wake
 The hiss of envy's wreathed snake,
 The meanest peasant would reject
 A lot so splendid—and so wreck'd:

V.

It is said that change of place
 Can the mind's distraction cure,
 That in distant clime we find no trace
 Of all we were wont to endure :

Oh ! false and vain—in every clime
 Memory defies the power of time !
 —I went to that hallowed shore,
 Where the brave and the free live no more.
 Oh Greece !—I buffeted the wave
 To ponder o'er thy lovely grave,
 In hope to lose the image of the past
 Amid those scenes where time's o'erwhelming blast
 Has swept away the men of might,
 Yet left sad relics of the proud and bright.

VI.

I have pluck'd the voluptuous flowers (2)
 Of fair Hymettus—where the bee
 Sips thro' the live-long summer hours
 Sweets that bloom deliciously.
 I have trod on the very spot
 Where the greatest of Sages stood, (3)
 Teaching truths shall ne'er be forgot
 To a mighty multitude.
 I have seen the broad sun set
 And beheld his splendours rise,
 Where long ages back they met
 The brilliant Aspasia's eyes.

Oh ! Attica ! could nought then save
 Thy greatness from the wreck of time ?
 Is that land peopled by the slave
 Where once dwelt freedom ?—hapless clime,
 In the tears I shed o'er thy ruin,
 I wept mine own undoing—
 Thy Columns prostrate in decay,
 Thy once famed City desolate,
 Whose glories all are swept away
 By the vanquishing hand of fate :
 They were types to a fallen mind,
 Yes, types of its own decay,
 And in thee too it seem'd to find
 A trace of that better day
 Which smiled 'ere it were guilt and sorrow's prey.

VII.

There is a tomb—against whose sides(4)
 The midnight surges break,
 Where rushing winds and dashing tides
 Eternal murmurs make.
 Bare are the rocks—and lone the shore,
 There mighty fleets put out no more.

Themistocles!—thou name

Once dear to freedom and to fame!

Oh thou the conqueror of the proud,

To whom the haughty Xerxes bow'd;

I saw thine ashes day by day

Wash'd by the greedy waves away,

Lo! mingled with the Persian, lies

The dust of him, the brave, the wise.

And thou the just—where art *thou* gone?(5)

Oh Aristides!—thou who stoodst alone

Single in virtue—o'er thy native land

Dispensing good as with a father's hand,

Who, tho' bright wealth was thine, all freely gave,

Leaving thee not enough to buy a grave.

Oh Fame—what art thou in the eye

Of him who ponders o'er the scene

Where th' illustrious ruins lie

Of that which once hath powerful been.

Cold barren fame!—Oh Greece, if those who died

Thy poets, heroes, and thy sages,

Could on the clime which was their pride

Look through the long dark vale of ages,

And see all that for which they fought,

See all which Socrates or Plato taught,

Remember'd but the cheek to stain
 Of those who wear the despot chain,
 Then would the shame which dimm'd their eye's
 bright ray
 Be mingled with a tear of sorrow,
 That man should ever prize to-day
 Vain shadows which depart to-morrow !

VIII.

Had he indeed a wing to fly
 From this world's idle mockery,
 Far from the things he scorn'd or hated,
 When folly teased—or pleasure sated,
 He *might* be proud,—or could his eye
 Pierce with the lightning's glance that gloom,
 Which shrouds in deepest mystery
 The life beyond the tomb,—
 Then *might* he boast—but planted here
 The sport of hope, and doubt and fear,
 Each moment vex'd like child at play,
 Who cries when toys are snatch'd away—
 He who knows from his very birth,
 After a few brief years of care,

His dust shall seek its mother earth,
 His spirit go—he knows not where,
 And soon his memory fade away,
 As sun-beam of a winter's day,
 Oh *he* has nought to do but scorn
 The hope of youth—the pride of age,
 And spurn those laurels which adorn
 The brow of poet, patriot, sage.

IX.

Stern Sparta—when I wander'd o'er
 Thy ruin'd site I almost wept
 That the lone grave was recognis'd no more
 Where thou Leonidas once slept ;
 Oh bravest of the brave!—who, scorning life,(6)
 A victim went to keep thy country free ;
 A lion thou amid the strife
 Of bright Thermopylæ ;
 Who in the wildest hour of fate,
 When Death's dark Angel near thee stood,
 Still cool, collected, firm, and great,
 Breasted the battle flood ;
 While the last farewell smile thou gavest thy band,
 Beam'd as a sacred halo o'er the land !

I loudly call'd upon thy name,
 But even Echo heard me not ;
 Oh !—perishable wreath of fame—
 By Sparta's self her hero was forgot !
 Yet wherefore did I mourn the lot
 Of him who slept ?—Why pace the spot
 Which mark'd the grave whose peace I long'd to
 share—

The grave—where sorrow comes no more,
 And shame—to bow the proud of thought,
 And love with all its endless store
 Of ills, flies far and sinks to nought—
 The grave—where all that wild despair
 Which hateth man and shuns his sight,
 With all the petty round of care,
 Is chang'd into a dreamless night ?
 Oh fool ! to weep thee o'er the dead,
 O'er that last home for misery,
 Where it lays down its weary head,
 And sinks to painless apathy !—

X.

Could I but win that sullen rest,
 The dusky chambers of the tomb

Would show like mansions of the blest,
 Compar'd to all which seals my present doom :
 Nor would I grieve that o'er my bier
 No eye-lid dropt the sorrowing tear ;
 Nor should it vex my parting hours,
 To think no hand would scatter flowers
 Upon this tenement of clay,
 When the last beam of mind had pass'd away.
 And yet—there *is* an eye whose tear
 Should bless a father's dying bed :
 There *is* a hand, which, kind and dear,
 Should scatter roses o'er the dead :
 Not thou—whom, urg'd by pique and pride,
 As in a dream I madly wed !
 Who, when his faults were blazon'd wide,
 From a repentant husband fled.
 Not *thou**—thy heart is stern and cold,
 And deaf to pity's gentle voice ;
 But *she* whose blue eyes on me roll'd,
 And made my very heart rejoice,

* See Lord Byron's sentiments on the conduct of his
 injured wife, in the address to his daughter, which con-
 cludes the third Canto of *Childe Harold*.

When in the nurse's arms she smil'd,
My manhood's boast—my child—my child!
E'en she whose little fingers twined
Round mine in that wild hour of wo,
When I was forced to leave behind
Mine only treasure here below.
And shall we never meet again?
And shall I ne'er to this heart fold thee?
Ne'er tell thee all my world of pain,
Nor how I panted to behold thee?
Shall other hand than mine conduct thee
Through the dangerous paths of youth?
Shall other lips than mine instruct thee
To read the mighty page of truth?
And when each grace, each infant charm,
Has ripen'd into woman's bloom,
Where then shall be thy father's arm,
His shielding arm?—within the tomb.
Yes! he, who loved thee more than any,
Will long have shared the common lot,
Nor will the praises of the many
Be dear as those thou hearest not.

XI.

They will not feel as he would feel,
When gazing on thy graces bright ;
Nor down *their* cheek will softly steal
The warm parental tear of proud delight.
Thou *must* be loved—but they will love
Perchance, but while thy beauties stay,
While his affection nought could move,
When beauty's self had pass'd away.
In age—(if fate had spared him yet,
Till time o'er thee had shook his wing)
Would he thy fading quite forget,
And doat—as in thy earliest spring.
Away—away—such thoughts are vain,
They only rack the burning brain,
And play the venom'd Aspick's part,
Stinging to death the weak defenceless heart !
Away—now Harold cold and stern,
To darker images will turn,
To things which well befit the mood
Of mind that, like a ruin'd tower
Scathed by the lightning, moulders on,

Dismantled of its former power,
 But yet, not all its former grandeur gone.
 Grief has despoil'd him—not subdued—
 There is a nerve within his soul
 That will not—shall not be unstrung :
 A nerve, which, when life's billows round him roll,
 Still buoys him up—nor breaks, tho' sorely wrung.

XII.

Be thou my home—my dreary home,
 Thou land by God's own hand defaced,
 No further will I lonely roam,
 But fix my dwelling 'mid the waste !
 Ye mountains of Judea, hear my cry ;
 Ye, who have listen'd to the Prophet's voice
 When he hath bade that City, doom'd to die,(7)
 No longer in its strength rejoice ;
 Ye who have seen old Jephtha's daughter,
 Her wond'rous sorrows meekly weep,
 E're th' uplifted sword of slaughter,
 Had summon'd her to death's dread sleep :
 Hear ye my last my cold farewell
 To all those thoughts I loved so well ;
 And hear, oh hear my greeting glad,
 To thee—thou land of mystery,

Where faith beholds fulfilment sad
 Of darkest, direst prophecy !
 On me the Gospel-light ne'er shone ;
 Or *when* it shone I turn'd away—
 On the wide earth I stand alone,
 With no hope pointing to a future day.
 Far have I wander'd to behold
 This desolation strange and wild,
 That mighty secret to unfold,
 Which, when I was simple child,
 My Bible and the gray-beards told.
 Oh ! let me gaze on all around—
 This, it is said, is holy ground,
 And That the fearful spot where once did dwell(8)
 Horror and Incest, inmates meet of hell !
 Thou dismal gulf, upon whose brink
 I stand, the only living thing,
 Oh let me pause a while, nor shrink,
 Tho' Demons round me all their sorcery fling.

XIII.

And yet 'tis fearful to behold
 The sullen wreck of times gone by,

When every tongue is mute and cold,
 That once could speak their history.
 In other climes, howe'er defaced,
 Not *every* one is swept away
 Could lead our footsteps o'er the waste,
 And tell the glories of its former day.
 Some sad narrators yet remain
 To boast of all their fathers did,
 Or weep them o'er the guilt and pain
 Of those whom long the tomb hath hid.
 But here—all barren, dark, and still,
 No sound doth e'er the silence break,
 As tho' each fix'd and wondering hill
 Yet heard the dread Eternal speak.
 Thou Lake of bitterness and death,
 Is it a truth then?—lift your wave;
 And oh—ye lost who sleep beneath,(9)
 Burst the cold bondage of the grave,
 And swear, oh swear, by God's own light'ning riven,
 Your Cities were indeed accursed of Heaven!
 That o'er your heads these waters deep
 His wrathful promises do keep!
 And Thou, that in the distance seen,
 Frown'st as thou wert the Desert's queen,

Jerusalem!—the great—the proud—
 Oh thou to whom the nations bow'd,
 Raise high your voice of grief, and tell
 Why in your courts hyenas dwell,
 Why in your halls once bright and fair
 The tiger makes his lair.

Why sittest thou, abandon'd and alone,
 Thy captains and thy rulers gone,
 Bowing thy neck beneath the yoke
 Of Moslem base and vile?
 Each psalmist fled who once the harp awoke,
 Each charm which made thy pastures smile,
 Changed to black ruin's barrenness;
 The fruitfulness that once did bless,
 All withered up—and in its stead
 Sterile emblems of the dead?

XIV.

Scene of the terrible and grand,
 Oh would—as with a Wizard's wand,
 I might this spell of myst'ry break,
 And yawning sepulchres command to speak!
 Tell me, was He (a sinner's death
 Who meekly died)—the son of God?

Eternity hangs on your breath—
 Say that he *was*—and I will kiss the rod,
 And travel thro' the wastes of time
 With footstep firm, and cheerful brow,
 Shaking from off my soul the crime
 And dull despair which clog it now.
 These eyes, "unused to melting mood,"
 Should weep the tears of joy and sorrow,
 If in my path some angel stood
 And cried—"Look up!—there is a morrow
 For Man ordain'd—He came to save,
 And bought for *thee* a home beyond the grave!"
 Oh! it were sweet—how passing fair,
 To look beyond life's little day,
 And all it's chequer'd evils bear
 Without repining or dismay:
 The sting of the envious, the taunt of the vile
 To meet with indifference, or hear with a smile,
 The friendships that scarcely are born 'ere they die,
 To prize with discretion, nor mourn when they fly;
 The cup of enjoyment to temperately sip,
 And live, tho' the chalice be dash'd from the lip;
 Yes, live as one doom'd for a season to roam
 In the land of the stranger—far—far from his home,

Who heeds not the roughness nor length of the road
Which leads him once more to his childhood's
abode,

When the voice of his Father recalls him again,
Where peace is in store for the bosom of pain.

Will such a lot be never mine,

Oh will no star upon me shine,

No guiding star?—no hand divine

Point out the hidden ways of truth,

And snatch me from the darkness of my youth?

By all those miracles once feign'd or wrought,

By all that Saviour did or taught,

By great Jehovah's everlasting will,

Which bade the Sun in Gideon stand still;

Which through the wilderness his people led,

And there with manna fed,

(So says at least that Chronicle sublime

Whose page hath triumph'd over time)

Rise spirits of the dead—

I charge ye rise, and swear

Jehovah's voice hath spoken here,

Jehovah's arm hath rent away

The greatness of Judea's former day!

There *was* a voice which loudly broke
 On Harold's startled ear ;
 But to his soul it vainly spoke,
 When utt'ring sounds of fear,
 It bade him quit that desert plain,
 Scath'd by destruction's blast ;
 Speak awful voice—oh speak again,
 And tell him all the past !

What, silent all ?—Ye waters deep,
 Which close above the guilty head,
 Fain would my soul her sorrows steep
 In the dark confines of your dreary bed ;
 There would she roam the dread domain,
 Nor haply would she roam in vain ;
 Forms of the Curst might meet her ken,
 Skeleton shapes that once were men,
 Marrowless bone, and beamless eye,
 In her terrible path might lie ;
 Or their ashes at least might show
 The truth of that dire tale of wo ;
 Unseemly things—a fearful crowd
 Might on me rush, and cry aloud—
 The depth of their folly naming,
 The justice of Him proclaiming—

Blacken'd ruins, and towers o'erthrown,
 And mighty palaces all lone,
 Might prove my doubts were false and vain,
 And bring me back to Heav'n again.
 It shall be so—receive, oh wave,
 A form which longeth for the grave !
 If mind survive, I shall descry
 All that I long for ardently—
 The last dread book will be unseal'd
 And all the awful truth reveal'd.

“ Hold Mortal of the unbelieving heart
 And dark misjudging mind—hold thy mad course,
 And impious purpose ! Oh, thou fool, go to—
 'Ere on thy bold and unrepenting head
 He pour the vial of his fiercest wrath,
 And cast thee forth, as the untimely fig,
 (Which the blast shaketh from its mother tree,)
 Is trodden down and wither'd. Lo—I come—
 The Angel of the Earth—He whose sad eyes
 Have wept the tears of blood o'er fallen man,
 Since the first day, when from the smiling bowers
 Of Paradise he went—to roam the wild,
 And earn by bitter toil the bread of life !
 That God thy stubborn blindness knoweth not,

Wills me to speak—thy wild despair hath reach'd
 The throne of thrones—and He, the Infinite,
 Looks on thee with a father's tender care ;
 E'en thee whose rebel spirit hath defied
 His chastisements. Oh thou, whose untam'd heart
 Questions the truth divine—prostrate thee low,
 And hear—nor plunge into the deep abyss
 Where guilt remains, till the last hour be come,
 And all is finished.—

——Oh thou wretched thing
 Whom Nature once made pure and beautiful—
 Whose mind meet image of its Maker shone,
 And all around a goodly light diffused,
 How is the promise of thy boyhood marr'd,
 Its fairest blossoms turn'd to barrenness,
 Or spreading like the deadly Upas tree
 To poison all around ! Passion and pride
 Have cast o'er thee a dark and demon-spell,
 Have dimm'd thy better reason, and made drunk
 Thy heart. Angels have look'd on thee and wept,
 Yea—wept o'er that lost mind whose early morn
 Gave promise of a brighter day : Harold,
 There *was* a time when sweet belief was thine.

Hast thou forgotten all thy childhood gave?
 The days of peace—the nights of calm repose—
 When, as thy blooming cheeks their pillow press'd,
 Even as sister roses gemm'd with dew,
 They glisten'd with the tear of piety
 And reverential thought of mother's blessing,
 That blessing given with many a tender kiss,
 And fervent prayer that God might bless thee too.
 That prayer hath pleaded for thee—lo, a mother's
 prayer

Hath all prevailing power at Heaven's high bar!
 Her *dying* prayer—rememberest thou the hour,
 The bed of death? the dim, half-shrouded eye,
 That look'd its last—the white uplifted hand—
 The lips which, 'ere they clos'd for ever, cried
 "Oh, bless my son—my son!" Hast thou forgotten,
 When hanging o'er her bier, the holy hope
 That bade thee cry—"There is another world,
 Where I shall meet thee, Mother!"
 And thou too hast a child—and human thoughts
 Yet stir within thee—yea, a father's love
 Yet throbs within thy bosom: cherish thou
 It's sacred visitings—not spurn it thence,
 And in *thy* hour of death a daughter's prayer

Shall bless thy spirit 'ere it takes it's flight,
 And on thy honourable grave shall fall
 The holy dew of fond affection's tear,
 While Faith shall cry—" *He died a Christian's death* ;
 My Father died a Christian !" Turn thee—turn ;
 Cast but thy pride away—and thou art sav'd.

Here did the guilty perish in their sin,
 The lightnings of the living God o'ertook them ;
 And they were blotted out—and all their land
 Stamp'd with the seal of his Eternal Curse ;
 And there—e'en in yon city desolate,
 The blood was shed—the prophecy fulfill'd,
 And man redeem'd ! The day is drawing near,
 The day of days—when He again shall come,
 All girded in his strength—the Conqueror—
 And him subdue—the dark and mighty one
 Who o'er the groaning earth, since man's first fall ;
 Hath swept his sword of terror—even he,
 Who on the pale horse sits and wields destruction.
 The harvest of the earth is almost ripe,
 When lo ! the Crowned One shall reap the corn,
 And throw the chaff away : a little space,
 Yea, but a space---and the last trump shall sound

And all be changed : the grave shall yield its prey,
 The dead come forth to judgment—those who live,
 The kings and captains of the world shall flee,
 And hide them from the wrath—and they whose
 prayers

Have risen as an odour in his sight,
 Shall take their seat amid the blest in Heaven.

Yea—but a space and the last trump shall sound :

When, cloth'd with clouds, an Angel shall come forth,
 His feet as fire—his visage as the sun ;

And on the sea shall set his right,

And on the earth his left foot, and shall swear,

Yea, lifting up his hand to heaven, shall swear,

By Him that liveth now and evermore,

That time shall be no longer !—Lo ! the Book,

The Book of Life—is *thy* name written there ?

Harold !—if thou repent thee, it *is* there :

And when the last bright resurrection cometh,

Thy soul escaped from the last death shall stand

Even before the throne—the snow-white throne,

Where men are judged according to their works :

And there thy lips shall taste of that pure spring

Which comforts those who thirst, and dries all tears,

The Spring of Everlasting Life."

DEATH

ON

THE PALE HORSE.

—O—

IN the night season, when the eyes of men
Are closed in sleep, a vision o'er me came,
And on mine ear a voice in thunder burst,
Bidding me rise and follow—then the rush
Of mighty wings I heard, and swift as thought
Above the silent world I was uplifted ;
A form was near me—but I saw it not—
A hand did grasp me—but no pulse of life
Throbb'd in its touch—high, and still higher we flew,
Till the low earth which we had left behind
Show'd like a speck amid a world of waters ;
Then *that* was hid—and clouds beneath our feet

Floated in fleecy whiteness—then the stars,
 Fast fading one by one, did die away,
 And we were left alone in solemn darkness :
 The wings which were beside me now did pause,
 As though their flight were done, and from mine
 eyes

Was rent the dim veil of mortality,
 And they were open'd on the world of worlds—
 The day of days ;—ten thousand suns did shine,
 Ten thousand lightnings flash before my face,
 Ten thousand thunders lifted up their voices,
 And I beheld—and listen'd !

That trumpet tongue, which in the olden time
 Once spake to him who witness'd future days,
 Now peal'd again its summons, loud and shrill,
 And told a wond'ring soul to "*Come and see !*"—
 And I *did* see—when lo ! a snow-white horse—
 And he who sat thereon did upward look
 At glory—a blaze of victory shone
 Around his brow, and as a crown did gird it—
 Lo ! in his left hand he did grasp a bow,
 His right pointed in triumph toward his kingdom,
 And he went forth, conqu'ring and to conquer.—

The second seal is open'd, "*Come and see*."
 And I beheld another horse of red,
 Whose dark and helmed rider wav'd a sword
 Of iron strength—his fiery eye-balls flash'd
 Like meteors on a neighbouring field of blood,
 Where men were combating their fellow men;
 And he did trample amid the carnage,
 And gaze upon the wild eye of the dying,
 And glut his eager ear with human groans.—

The third seal now is opened, "*Come and see*."
 When lo! a black horse fleetier than the wind
 Did rush before me: He who on it sat
 Held, with an arm of everlasting strength,
 The balances that weigh all good and ill
 Done in the flesh: I saw the guilty tremble
 And flee before his sight—the just and pure
 Lift up their heads, with a meek look of hope
 That falter'd not to see the scale go down;
 The rich—the rulers—and the captains wept;
 And beat their breasts, and gnash'd their teeth in
 pain;
 The poor, who had on earth no friend but God,
 Did also weep—but *theirs* were tears of gladness.

The lamb hath broke the fourth seal—"Come and
see!"

I looked—behold! a pale horse stood before me,
Whose stature seem'd to reach the throne of heav'n;
His mane stream'd on the blast like a dread comet's
rage,

His gaunt and fleshless sides were white with foam
As is the ocean wave when vex'd by storms;
Urg'd by the speed of his remorseless rider,
From out his nostrils breath'd a sulph'rous flame
That blighted all it met:—I hid my face
As it pass'd by me, and my heart did beat
With lazier pulse,—then leap and flutter fast,
As tho' my soul were wrest'ling to be free.
I look'd again—when lo! a spectre form,
Mighty, yet meagre as the dead that lie
Within the dusty grave, did meet my ken.
It was the Rider of that horse so pale;
No eyes met mine—but in their sockets gleam'd
The lamps of sepulchres—around his jaws
The earth-worms twin'd—above his haggard brow
Myriads of serpents twisted to and fro
In lieu of hair—his arms were raised on high,
His marrowless arms, which clutch'd the lightnings

And dashed them on the kingdoms of the world:
 Thro' his skeleton ribs the daylight shone,
 As it looks forth from some rude scathed tower
 Between the frequent rents which time hath made ;
 Behind him battling clouds of darkness roll'd
 In thickest canopy—parting anon,
 To show the grinning shapes of things unseemly,
 Hell's tenants dire, who follow in his train.
 I saw his steed's gigantic hoof tread down
 All things which stirr'd with life, and they did die ;
 Dim eyes, from which the ray of mind withdrew,
 Did gaze on him—then close their lids for ever ;
 And famine-wasted hands were lifted up
 To ward the coming blow ;—a husband bent
 O'er his dead wife—and spread his garments wide
 To shield his cowering children, as the hoof
 Came on, and on, with loud and dreadful tramp.—
 I saw no more—for now, that grisly foot
 Was raised to crush me—with a shriek I woke,
 And lo ! the vision of the night was fled.

THE
BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM,

WRITTEN JULY 10, 1815.

—O—

NOW fresh the summer gale is blowing,
The green corn waves its bearded head,
While thousand flowers, in beauty glowing,
Are peeping from their verdant bed.
The sun looks down upon the earth
In bright and silent majesty,
To cheer the sons of toil and mirth,
And prompt their rustic revelry.

But oh ! there is a sullen scene
Where flowers nor blush, nor corn is green,
And the bright beams that rise to bless,
Look down on blast and barrenness—
No reapers *there* will ever haste
To crop the golden grain,

Black ruin may be widely traced
O'er all the mournful plain.

Yet there *hath* been harvest, and reapers too,
Mid that terrible scene where sleep the brave :
Yea, beautiful fruitage as ever grew,
Hath swell'd the full vintage of the grave.
The war-fiend hath led on his reapers fell
To mow down untimely harvest there,
And well have they labour'd—they labour'd well,
For the field of their ravage now lies bare.

—The din of strife is o'er—
The lurid light of slaughter is no more,
The eye that threaten'd, and the arm that slew,
The warrior heart that beat to honour true,
Are pow'rless now—while on the plain of blood
The screaming vulture hov'reth o'er her food.

Sons of the brave—who fought and died
Your country's mingled grief and pride,
Ye soundly sleep—nor heed the cry
Of millions shouting Victory.

Fame swells her trump—ye hear it not,
 The guilty fail—*your* shrouded eye
 Sees not the pale oppressor fly,
 Cold senseless are ye now—all, all things, but forgot.

Thou field of silence, and of death,
 Where not a voice—not e'en a breath,
 Breaks the dull stillness that pervades
 Where warriors with their battle-blades
 Late earn'd the hard fought prize;
 Be populous again!

Ye spirits of the dead arise,
 Rise, spirits of the mighty slain,
 And burst once more on fancy's eye,
 In all your brightest panoply!

They come—they come—my coward heart,
 Why shrinkest thou in childish mood?
 Depart ye feeble fears, depart,
 And let me view the carnival of blood!

TO

'THE BRAVE.

—O—

THEY are soundly sleeping—the winter blast
Howls sullenly over their lowly bed,
But its fiercest rage, as it rushes past,
Cannot waken the dead.

They are soundly sleeping—tho' summer's voice
Calls aloud to nature to lift its head,
But that summons which bids the living rejoice
Cannot waken the dead.

They are soundly sleeping—tho' fame's loud tongue,
Tells the glory of those who bravely bled,
But the proudest cadence that swells her song
Cannot waken the dead.

They are soundly sleeping—tho' long the worm
And ravenous vulture have on them fed,
But that which preys on the perishing form
Cannot waken the dead.

They are soundly sleeping—tho' bitter tears
Of widows and orphans are o'er them shed;
But the wail—yea, the fruitless grief of years,
Cannot waken the dead.

They are soundly sleeping—but, lo ! an hour
When the long dark sabbath of death is fled,
And the last loud trumpet's arousing power
Comes to waken the dead.

NOTES.

Note 1, p. 8.

*This land, in whose howling waste,
All fruits are bitter to the taste.*

THE famous tree of Sodom, said to produce an apple pleasing to the eye, but, when tasted, bitter and full of ashes. It is supposed that Tacitus and Josephus were the first two authors that made mention of it. Pococke and Shaw question its existence.

Note 2, p. 12.

*I have pluck'd the voluptuous flowers
Of fair Hymettus—where the bee, &c.*

Mount Hymettus, in the vicinity of Athens. Along its sides are gardens, celebrated for the cultivation of bees; its flowers are remarkable for their beauty and fragrance, and the honey produced from

them is thought to be superior in quality to any other.

Note 3, p. 12.

Socrates, the Athenian philosopher.

Note 4, p. 13.

There is a tomb, &c.

In the now solitary harbour of the Piræus there is a sepulchre excavated in the rock: it is without roof, and on a level with the sea. By the ebbing and flowing of the tide it is alternately covered, and left exposed, by turns full and empty. Here it is asserted the bones of Themistocles were deposited; and the following passage in Plutarch's life of Themistocles seems to confirm the supposition. "Situating in the open place, thy tomb is greeted by the mariner, as he enters or sails out of the harbour; and in any future naval engagement thou wilt witness the shock of the vessels."

Note 5, p. 14.

And thou the just—where art thou gone ?

Aristides, the Athenian, commonly called the *just*, from his unerring integrity and isinterestedness. Though the public wealth was at his disposal, yet when he died he was buried at the public expense, and his daughter supported by contribution. (See Grecian History.)

Note 6, p. 16.

Oh bravest of the brave, who, scorning life.

When Xerxes invaded Greece, it had been declared that, to procure the safety of the country, it was necessary that a King, one of the descendants of Hercules, should die. This task was cheerfully undertaken by Leonidas ; and as he marched out from Spacedæmon, he considered himself as a victim offered up for the good of his country. He joyfully put himself at the head of his little band, took possession of his post, and with deliberate desperation waited for the coming up of the Persian army at Ther-

tiopylæ, where, after performing prodigies of valour, he fell covered with glory.

Note 7, p. 21.

When he hath bade that city, doom'd to die.

The city of Jerusalem.

Note 8, p. 23.

*And that the fearful spot where once did dwell
Horror and incest—inmates meet of hell.*

The mountains of Arabia which overhang the Dead Sea : among them not the smallest appearance of vegetation is seen, and every thing around seems stamped with the horror and incest of Ammon and Moab.

Note 9, p. 23.

And oh—ye lost who sleep beneath,

Refers to the cities of Sodom and Gomorah, supposed to be engulfed in the Dead Sea : its shores are without birds, without verdure, its waters bitter, and so heavy that the strongest winds of heaven cannot ruffle them. Josephus asserts that

he perceived, on the banks of the lake *As*
phaltes, or Dead Sea, the *shades* of th
ried cities.

THE END.

† for
of vale

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